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ABSTRACT

Storyteller Monroe Brannon, although a native of Louisiana, was a long time resident of Gary, Texas. Mr. Brannon shared his fantastic memory of events and people which go back to the 1890s when he was two and half years old. He was keen observer of all that he saw and heard and forgot little. And so he was able to provide stories on a wide range of people and activities, notably his work as a druggist and postmaster. All that he asked was a day's notice to collect his thoughts on a particular subject. (BZ)

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BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Monroe Brannon was a long time resident of Gary. Although born in Louisiana, he moved as a child to the Gary area. Not too long ago he moved to nearby Carthage, where he is now living in a nursing home. He is still bright and alert to the affairs of the world around him.

Monroe was one of the very first persons ever interviewed for Loblolly. And the stories he shared with the Gary students appeared in the first issue. After that he gave his time frequently to describe his remembrances of Gary past with the magazine staff members. All that he asked was a day's notice to collect his thoughts on a particular subject. Then he would be ready to talk when the interviewers appeared at his home.

Monroe shared his fantastic memory of events and people which go back to the time he was two and a half years of age. He was a keen observer of all that he saw and heard and forgot little. And so he was able to provide stories on a wide range of people and activities. He did so with kindness and wit.

We have collected these interviews from past issues and put them together under one cover. We think the stories of Monroe Brannon, our champion story teller, deserves no less. He has also been a good friend to all the Loblolly staff members over the years, and he is my friend, too.

Charles Wyatt

TELLER OF TALES

When the idea of starting Loblolly first was discussed, people to be interviewed was a lively subject of debate. But in talking with friends, family, and neighbors about this - one name kept reappearing. People would say, "You must talk with Mr. Monroe."

"Mr. Monroe" is Monroe Brannon, a native of Louisiana, but a long time resident of Gary. We found him to be a lively and independent spirit. He keeps up on events of the present, maintaining a keen interest in baseball and young people and their affairs. However, he has a fantastic memory for the past. He is also a story teller able to make events come alive for his listeners. We hope to visit him again and try to share more of his tales with you.

"Mr. Monroe" is a wonderful personality and a great character. We think you will agree as you get to know him better too.

The first thing we talked with Monroe Brannon about was how kids used to have fun. Parties consisted mostly of taffy pulls and games with candy. Mr. Brannon said, "We'd cook up a great pot of syrup candy, then we'd grease our hands with talor, and then we'd go to pulling that candy. We'd get with a girl and one would pull cross-ways, and one would pull the other way, until that candy would become real light, you know it would be dark in the beginning.

Now when we had a real candy drawing, we'd buy the candy, penny sticks of various colors. We'd write the girl's name on a piece of paper and put it in a box and the boys would draw names. If the colors matched, they'd get another draw, but if they mismatched, they's out, and you have to wait 'till they called your name again.

And in those days, we'd play River Bend and Ocean Wave, and that was just as near dancing as you could get. We'd take a little ole' brass lamp with just a little bitty wick, and a little handle and put it on the mantle, and you know it was really dark around in there. After we'd pull this candy, we'd all be eatin' that candy, and we'd drip that candy around on the floor, and you know, you could just hear it pullin' loose. Those were great times.

And then when we'd have our Valentines, you see there was no store made Valentines; in those days, they all had to be cut out and printed and made. We had what was called Love Cards beautiful little cards, we'd cut out part of those cards and paste it on the Valentine and write some verses under there. Such as:

As sure as the grass grows,
round the stump,
You are my Valentine,
sugar lump.
Sure as the grapes grow,
on the vine,
You are my sweet
Valentine.

These'd all have to be drawn out you know, and read! Oh yeah! They were all deposited in a box and we'd appoint someone to read them; the boys and girls would take turns. We'd always know who was going to get that valentine before it was read! And sometimes we'd write a valentine to a certain girl and put it in that box and it would just kill

some of them ole' boys! Those were great days!

Playing those ring games, one of the main games was snap. A boy and a girl would hold up and the third party would snap the girl (or a girl would snap a boy), and they'd run round and round that ring till they caught 'em. Then whichever one got caught, well they was out.

Then we'd waltz you know, hook up and march around - and that was called 'Irish Trot.', Ocean Wave and River Bend was lot like square dancing."

Mr. Brannon said, "I was born in Choudrant, Louisiana, in May 7, 1886, in Lincoln Parish. Left there in 1895. Moved to Ford Community, and got there Christmas morning where I went to school in 1895. Lived there five years, and attended school at the Ingram Schoolhouse, then for three years we went to Tennessee church. Then in 1900, in January, we moved down here two miles from town and bought the R. V. Cassity place, and attended school up the tracks. When they went to extend the rail lines from Gary to Center, that school was in the way. So my father, and two other men who were trustees, put that schoolhouse on long skidpoles, and moved it off down here, and bought an acre from right where your schoolhouse is located now and the railroad gave them 100 dollars for the house and moved it for 'em, an' that was the first schoolhouse that was built here in town. Then later, they built this two-story house right down here where Miss Naomi Williams lives. That was the next schoolhouse they built.

When we first came in here, we lived over yonder and there was no railroads anywhere, they first put in a hardwood mill down on Brushy and built a little railroad out of Timpson down to the hardwood mill. Bunch of Northern people from Akron, Ohio, cut that hardwood timber and shipped it up there to a furniture factory. That't when all the furniture then was wood you know. Then they decided they'd connect this railroad, and they branched off down here about two miles and came through our farm, and came on to Gary with it, and built it right in front of where Mable Bird lives, and that was in 1898. They put in a big commissary and saloon just as you cross the railroad track to the right. They also put in a big mill about two miles down the track to the right. They also put in a big mill about two miles down the track toward Timpson called the Wade Miller Mill. Then Ramsey and Thomason put in a mill right down here where James Phillips lives. Then we had a big mill down here at Murvaul and that was when whiskey was here and it was plenty rough. Dr. Daniels and I worked together - I'd hold em' and he'd saw em' up. Charlie Boggs got a hold of a fellow

over there one night in that saloon across the track with a hand saw, and he whipped him over the face with it, and we layed him out there on the counter and sewed him up and patched him up. We'd also amputate fingers and toes, and we had no way to do it but just cut it off! Had no anesthetics or anything like that when I was a druggist, we had a little thing we'd say to the customer when we filled a prescription. We'd say, take one every two hours until death comes as a sweet relief.

We used to have a great nice brass band here that organized in the school, and used to meet out there on the playground, and they used to play for county fairs. They even got payed for playing.

Courtin' in those days, was somethin.' You'd go to see your girl on Sunday evening. I went to see my girl, Miss Mary Heaton, one Sunday evening, old man John Heaton's daughter, and I stayed 'till after night and you know! you just sat around in there and talked, you didn't get very close or nuthin, and whenever you left, it was Goodnight, that was all, no contact whatever. You had to walk, no cars, if you went, it was either horseback, or mule, or sometimes a buggy. I started out for the front gate when I left that night, and you know them old runnin' roses that creep way up, and they grew great big ole thorns, well I had on a brand new suit, you know, and when she closed the door, it was just as dark as pitch, there wasn't any electric lights or anything like that and I got into that rose bush, and I twisted and turned and got all tangled up and I had to holler, and her dad brought a light out there and got me out of that rose bush. I lost my girl, she went and married somebody else!

Now I want'a tell about weddin's. Now Christmas, Easter and a weddin;'that was really somethin.' They always give a weddin' supper with the weddin', y'a know.

We had to eat at the second table. You never seen a young person if there was a table of grown people eating at a first table. All the elderly people eat first, y'a know, and then we were fed.

When they had the weddin' y'a know, the preacher would talk. The couple would be off in another room. We'd all be gathered in the main

room where the weddin' was to take place. He'd bring the lady holdin' her arm. The preacher would read the marriage certificate and they were pronounced man and wife. They would sit down somewhere in the corner and people came around and congratulated them.

Here's where the fun came in for us boys. The weddin was over, and people went to their homes, but we alway's know that they were going to stay at her father's house, y'a know, and we know which room they were going to sleep in. And we'd done have worked up a month after the weddin' was announced. We'd be gettin' tin cans, our mother's dish pans, cow bells, and a french harp or two and even one time we got an old circle saw and ran a pole through that. And everyone would be poundin' playin' those french harps and beatin' those pans. Serenadin'! Well that's the way it happened, we serenaded 'em for good luck. It was customary to serenade newlywed couples. Sometimes it was alright with them, y'a know and others would get mad about it, we'd make so much noise.

I'll tell y'a about one that was a disaster. This couple he was about 30 and she was about 25 but boys and girls didn't marry till they were usually 23 or 24 and the girl at least 21 or 22, I was 25 when I married, my wife was 22. Well this couple married and an uncle, one of the high tempered men that were dangerous, y'a know, didn't want nobody to bother'em and we went down there and slipped in after they went to bed. We waited outside until they blow their lamp out. Well, when they blow that lamp out we went in, through the gate, playin' the weddin' march. By the time we made the first round around the house it was furious, it was such a noise and ol' uncle jumped up and got his gun and ran out on the tower with his gun and was gonna shoot us and his daughter had prepared for the weddin' and had hidden his shot sack. He didn't own a shell, so we made another round and he ran down through the halls hollerin' at us and scold n us. And we just kept a playin' the french harp and beatin' those pans. He got so mad he ran out on the back yard and we took off through the back yard gate and went by the lot and the mules had done broke out and the cotton field was plum white and those bunch of

mules just went down the front side of that cotton field. Now that was a disaster.

We usually had about one week for our holidays because our schools were from four to six months. We could not lose much time from farm work, everybody had to work y'a know. And we'd have, say a week, one week, and we'd work till a Christmas Eve at dinner, we'd go to town, little town like Gary or Carthage, and buy your'a candy-n-apples-n-oranges, it was stick candy then, wasn't any fancy candy in those days, fancy made candy chocolate and stuff like that. We had a variety of nuts such as pecans and almonds an'a butternuts, chestnut and be sure and buy a coconut or two. Firecrackers 'oou that was it. These little five cent's a bunch, China firecrackers, we'd buy those. We'd have to build up a fire to light 'em by. We didn't have too many matches, y'a know, we had no lighter, there was no such thing as a lighter. We'ould'a build a fire up in front of the house in the neighborhood and the boys would gather, of course, girls never did run with the boys then. They were in the house with Christmas dolls and other things, they can't go out with the boys. No-oo that's too much fun. Anyhow we'd build that fire up and all gather around and shoot those firecrackers and roman candles, we had those in those days, and sky rockets, you'd set it up in the ground and fire it and it'd go high and burst in the air, y'a know. We had those thangs, since 1900. And after we'ould finish all that, in those days people clearin' the land would make brushing, with the underbrush tie that brush on, and nearly everybody cleared ten, fifteen, twenty, acres each winter. Birds would roost in that.

Well, we went to the lighted stumps and cut us some long-g-g splinters. Then went to the plum orchard and got up a little plum tree and had a good handle to it.

We'd have a 'Fourth of July Picnic' and a great Christmas time. They'd have two great cedar trees, and have each fixed so you could turn 'em and the people would tie all of their presents and things on there, and they'd play the violin for awhile, then they'd have a number of the younger ones picked that was to deliver the presents, then we'd have more music.

Well, we'd light those torches and we'd all get around the brushy and sort of shake it and brush easy and the little bird would come out. Then we'd kill the bird, that's called bird thrashin.' Then after the bird thrashin' was over we all gathered together and built up a fire, near a creek or the branch. We'd eat those birds. We'd cut us

a little stick just so long and we carried salt along with us. Y'a know, salted those birds and stick'em on that and broiled them by the fire and sit around the fire. That was fun.

I went to work in the Post Office and Drug Store and had one phone booth for long distance; wasn't any rural phones, no electric lights, anything like that, and that was the only phone in town, and when you got a long distance phone call, you get out and holler em up, you know, could be somebody was sick or anything. Well, they had the phone booth in the exchange, the Post Office, and the Drug Store, it had a soda fountain. Sometimes I had help and sometimes I didn't.

The old town was huge. It had many people. The town had 11 stores, three saloons, a two-story motel, a shoe shop, two barber shops, a livery stable, a blacksmith's shop, a post office, and a cafe or two. The main reason for this was becuz this was a great cotton and tomato country. Dr. Daniels had a gin where I kept books and wrote checks. There was a great cotton market. I also kept the books for one firm of tomato packers. That year they shipped 65 cars of tomatoes. Some years you got as many as 100 cars of tomatoes. There wuz tomato sheds everywhere. But then people came along and turned the cotton and tomato land into cattle pastures.

Well then in 1905, I went to school over here at the little Ford Schoolhouse in the summer. And then in October, came over here and school opened. I started to school and went a few days. Then my brother, Robert Vaught, and I worked up a mail route. My brother went East and worked up number one, and Bob Vaught went West and worked up number two. That was in the summertime of 1905. I helped Brother to get the folks to sign. You have to go around and get'em to sign that they'll put up a box, ya' know, for mail service, and we worked that up in 1905, and they had the examination and each one got their route in. They established a Rural Mail Service out of Gary on July 15, 1906.

Well, I started to work in the Post Office in 1906, January 1, and I was there when the mail service started. Then I got to be Post Master in 1914, and I established number three.

Well, I left here in 1918, and I went to Jasper, Texas. I put my children all through school there, then I came back and got into the building of training fields for baseball; I liked that, and I built training fields in Paragoula, Arkansas, and Toledo, Ohio. Then I went to Houston, and to police'in, and I policed there. Then the last four years I

lived in Houston, I worked for a detective. Mostly we worked the Texas State Hotel and the other big hotel on Main Street. We worked some with the Rangers."

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VERSATILE DRUGGIST

We went back to see our old associate, Monroe Brannon, who appeared in our first issue of "Loblolly". The visit proved again that he has a fantastic knowledge and memory. This time he tells of an earlier way in the drug business and of the history of post office in Gary. If you have read the first issue you would readily agree with us that he is a vivacious story teller. So take the time to enjoy reading this article.

"When I was 19 years of age, I hired to the doctor, Z.L. Daniels, to work in the drug store at Gary, Texas. On January 1, 1906, I moved into the home with the doctor and his good wife, Maude. They were good, hard workin', honest, Christian people. So together, the three of us worked almost day and night.

The drug store job consisted of a three way proposition. His wife, Maude, was postmistress and the post office was located in the drug store. The only telephone in town was long distance telephone and it was also located in the drug store. So between the three jobs of answering the phone, tending the post office, and selling drugs, I had quite a job.

Dr. Daniels practiced medicine at that time. We had no graded roads and the sole transporatation was by horseback. He would make his calls on horseback, carrying a little sack of medicine and diagnose the case, dose out the medicine, and leave instructions for taking it. He'd say, 'I'll see ya tomorrow', and make off for the next house.

We had alot of sickness during the summer months: such as typhoid fever, slow fever, malaria, and especially the killers; yellow fever and black joundice. In the winter months, it wasn't much better. We had the flus, colds, and pheumonia.

I had access to the doctor's book so I studied medicine at night and soon qualified to fill prescriptions under the old permit system. I had to take an examination for the license. It lessened the doctor's time with each case so he could have more time to visit more patients. He would write the prescriptions and send them in and I would fill them.

In those days, all prescriptions and chemicals were sent in bulk. Everything was measured and weighed out. We used an apothecary scale. It was a scale which one measured drugs

on. Apothecary weights are 12 ounces to a pound, whereas average scales are 16 ounces. I could weigh small amounts to ½ grain. So I would weigh out the medicine and the thoroughly compound it with a pestle and a mortar. Then I'd put it in a bottle and measure the liquid and granulates that measured from drops to cubic centimeters and ounces. I'd stir that in and add water in sufficient quantities to make the total amount of usually 6-8 ounces. Then I'd find the cork, place on the bottle, look at the directions and write them on the label and paste it on the bottle. It was a long, drawn-out, time-taking operation.

I had to fill prescriptions day and night. I tell you I had to go and fill prescriptions at the dead hour of night and I would really be sleepy from working all day. The first thing I would do was to splash ice water on my face to wake me up. Then I would look carefully over the prescriptions, always, because there were 5-6 drugs. Then I would consult my medical book for maximum and minimum doses of all chemicals to see if there were any mistakes made.

In those days, there were no restrictions on the sales of poisonous medicines or narcotics. I was allowed to sell denatured alcohol, choloform, corbonic acid, strychnine, trinafortide (loblin), trinafortide deorderize perark, also morphine. I sold that over the counter in the open market just like chill cure, aperins, and other drugs.

When filling the prescriptions for my customers, I would sing them a little dity. It goes like this:

"When you get sick
Come in some time
Take a little turpentine."

And sometimes I'd say to the customer when I was filling the prescription:

"Take one every two
hours until death
comes as a sweet relief:.

After filling prescriptions for ten years, I felt like I was the world renown. I could cure anything from ingrowing toenails, falling arches, to broken hearts.

Ine time, a little boy came in there and sat around on a little stool. He never did anything. I asked him, 'What do you want.' He said, 'I'm sorta lookin' around for the doctor!' Well, I asked him if there was somebody sick. 'Oh no! There ain't somebody sick, only the baby is a having spasms.'

Another time, there was a great big boy. He came over to the drug store one day. He lived with Uncle Kato who

was about a hundred years old. Everybody loved Uncle Kato. Well, the boy came over here when the doctor was out and he told me that Uncle Kato was sick and that he wanted me to fix him up some medicine. I asked him what was the matter with Uncle Kato. He said, 'Uncle Kato is constipated.' Well I went ahead and poured him three ounces of croton oil and I put the directions on there. It said, 'Put three drops of oil on a teaspoon of sugar.' He went home, to give him the medicine. They couldn't read good and they saw the three teaspoons so they gave Uncle Kato three teaspoons full of that croton oil. The boy was back up there the next day and I asked him about Uncle Kato. He said, 'He is alright and he is resting well.' I said, 'Did the medicine work?' 'Oh, yes sir,' was the reply, 'He moved once before he died, and twice after.'

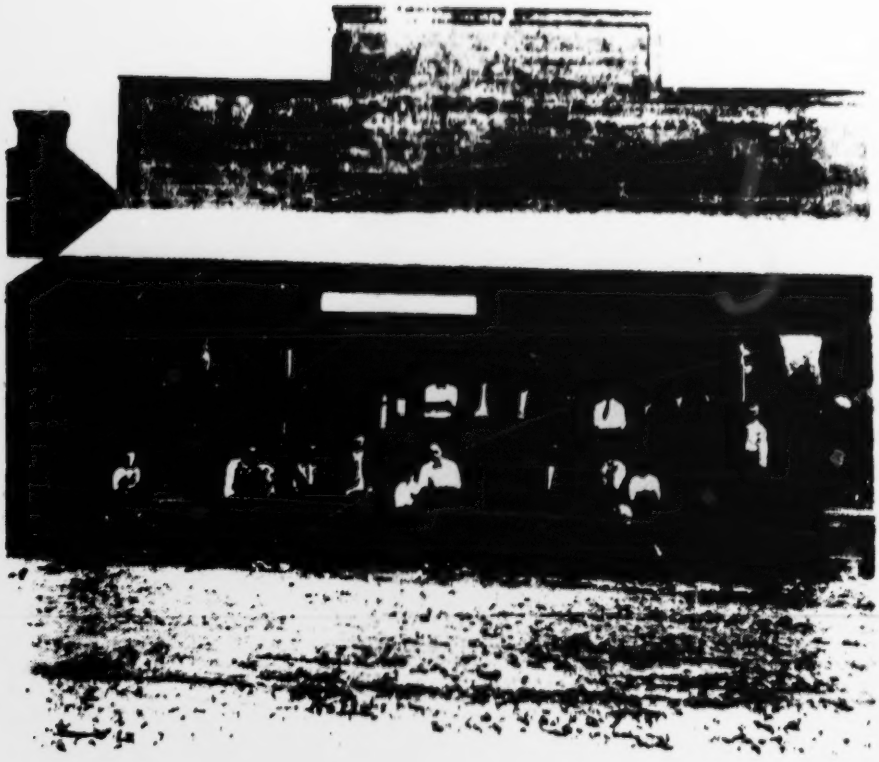
I had to get up many times in the middle of the night and fill prescriptions. We had no electric light, no rural delivery mail service, no graded roads, and no local telephones. Many a time I had to deliver the medicine myself and also get out and call people into the long distance telephones. I generally assisted the doctor in such cases as in broken limbs and collar bones. We would set the bone in place and heavily wrap it with bandages and then used wooden splits to hold it in place for 3-4 weeks until it knitted back together. We had no hospital nearer than Shreveport so people had to do their own doctoring at home as best as they could.

I had alot of experience in the medicine business. We pulled teeth with no anesthetics. We just had the little hook instrument that goes right below the gum and gets the tooth loose. You didn't even cut around the tooth but just yanked them out.

Oh, I pulled lots of teeth. They'd faint everytime. I usually held their arm and hand down while the doctor went to work. There once was an old lady that hit me and knocked the breath out of me. We had mail sacks at the post office. We'd lay out the fainted person and later they'd come to. It was rough! Oh! We'd did the best we could for what we had.

I lived with the doctor and I was the druggist for seven years. I took the examination and was appointed post master. So, I moved across town and built a drug store of my own and I moved the post office in.

The Gary drug store was originally on the east side of the square near where the washateria is now. When I had the post office and drug store, it was sited on the blank space on the west side of the present fire station."



Monroe Brannon's drug store, with post office inside. Rural mail carrier hitched their horses at the rear. The bank is to the left and the door to the right is the entrance to James Brannon's barber shop. Monroe Brannon is in the bow tie to the right of the door to the drug store.

The following is Monroe Brannon's remembrance of the history of the post office in Gary, Texas.

"The community of Gary had postal service, for a while, about 20 years after the Civil War. The mail came out of Logansport, Louisiana and by a freight route that came from Logansport to Henderson. It came by way of old Center, Woods and Thomas. That was the freight station two miles west of Gary where the mail was delivered. It went on to Clayton, Fairplay, and on into Henderson. The mail would come once a week from Logansport, Louisiana, by freight to Thomas. You could receive your letter mail there and also mail your letters. That lasted for a few years but was disconti-

nued. Now the real setup of the Gary postal service started in 1900 when they extended the railroad from Timpson to Longview. Gary laid a town site of 20 acres by Mr. Thomas Hull and Smith Garrison. On the 20 acres town site Gary sprung up like an oil town, and we needed the post office. They made a requisition to the department for a post office. George Davidson was made the post master. He had a grocery store on the south side of the square, just 2½ blocks west from the present fire station. Well he had the post office from 1900 - 1902. Then they moved it across the railroad tracks to Mrs. Maris' Boarding House which was formerly the Griffith Hotel. There, one of Maris girls, Miss Jessie Maris tended to the post office. Well, Mr. Davidson got tired of that so he recommended Maude Daniels. Maude Daniels got recommended as the post mistress in 1904. Then the post office was moved to the east side of the square in her husband's drug store, Dr. Z.L. Daniels, on January 1, 1906. I remained there until 1914 when I was appointed post master and I put in a new building on the south side of the square next to the bank, which is the fire station now. And during my term of office, something really happened. One Sunday night in January in 1916, the office was burglarized. All the postal funds and drug store funds were carried away. Eventually we caught this man and here's his story.

'So I went up to the section house, went out to the tool shed and got me a railroad pick. Came down to the back of the post office and pryed open a window and went in. I took that railroad pick and picked off the dial on the front of the safe. That left a little hole down into the works of the safe. I cut an eight inch fuse and put a dynamite cap on it. Then I built a soap-pocket right at the hole so the nitroglycerine would drain into the safe. I put about two ounces of nitroglycerine in there and put the dynamite cap in place and soaked it all up and lit it up. I walked into the front of the store and it went off. It had a pile of mail sacks on top so it wouldn't make so much noise. It blew the safe door off. I got all the money out of the safe, drug store receipts, postal money, and checks. I then went a mile east of Gary to a pond and stayed until daylight. At sunup, then I counted all the money and threw out all the checks and poured out all the pennies. I made my way down to Murvaul River to Sabine and across to Louisiana and went to South Mansfield. And there I went to the express office and took all the stamps that I had gotten out of the post office, several hundred dollars worth of them wrapped in

cardboard paper. I expressed them to my partner in New York. Then I went on over to Mansfield proper and waited around the depot for return of my partner's pay-off. There's where I was picked up.'

I'll go back now to where I discovered the breakin' in on a Monday morning. I wired the postal authorities in Washington and I wired the proper authorities in Austin and they sent inspectors here and got on this trail of that man. In about three weeks, that package was delivered to his partner in New York. He was called a fences, and sold stamps and other stolen goods to mail order houses for reduced prices. The thief was awaiting for his returns at Mansfield when they picked him up. On the delivery in New York, the fences' mail was always under suspicion. His packages were always examined closely by inspectors. These inspectors had found the package of contained stamps with some figures that I had put on there myself around the cardboard. So the inspectors brought those figures to me and asked me to identify them. I told them I could. So the man broke down and confessed the whole thing. By the way, the old man that blew my safe was an old, bearded, one-arm, tramp. But he really knew how to blow up a safe.

July 15, 1906 - first day of rural mail delivery from Gary. Bob Vanght on left, Monroe Brannon in center, and Tom Brannon on right.

Well after I had started working in the post office in 1906 and moved over in 1914 to my place of business we had established two rural mail routes out of Gary. When I moved over there, we established #3. I worked there for about three years. In 1917, I resigned and my brother-in-law, Clay Bathergate, was appointed post master. He moved the post office back down on the east side of Gary where the washateria in now. He kept it for a couple of years and then Mabel Bird was appointed post mistress. She moved the post office back over on the south side in part of the building where I once used for the post office. She was post mistress for a number years. Then Mrs. Floyd Latham was appointed post mistress. She built a nice post office building over the east street where it is presently located. She is now the present post mistress. She bought alot of fixtures and put in a real post office.

Going back to the rural carriers that started in 1906, Brother Tom Brannon and Bob Vanght were the first two first rural carriers, then when we established rural route #3, 1914, Tot Thomas was the rural carrier. Then later Mr. C.F. Dry was a rural carrier followed by Mr. Homer Ramley, and Mr. Travis Kissinger. Mr. Joe Heaton was #2 rural carrier for many, many years. At present all those routes have changed into a motor route and W.J. Heaton is our present carrier on this route. All of those old postal employeed have passed on now except Mabel Bird and me. That is the history of the beginning of our postal service in Gary."

Tom Brannon - rural mail carrier on job in summer time

Farming

Before the end of crop farming here, that had been the main occupation of the people in our community. We have talked about cotton in another section of this issue. In an age of almost total self-sufficiency people had to do for themselves, for buying most things was out of the question. So crops were raised in profusion to feed the families a multitude of variety of foods. Cane was raised for syrup as a cheaper sweetner than the sugar from the stores. Meat too was usually a home grown item. Tools on the farm were simple and few. And the mule and horse were vital parts of the farmer's life. Little farming is done now, but many remember that time. And a few like Ben Allred are still carrying on in the old ways.

Monroe Brannon

The Brannon family moved to Texas in 1895. The family consisted of my father, mother, three brothers, two sisters, ans a hired hand. There were nine of us in all. We first located in what is now known as the Ford Community, about five miles southwest of where Gary was to be. Farming was our occupation. We found the country sparsely settled with small farms. At most, about 20% of the land was in cultivation with small farms round the house. The houses were made of logs with stick and dirt chimneys. There were some better houses made of planks, but they all had the same kind of chimneys.

Farming was the only enterprize at that time. We

Monroe Brannon

19 21

Old Home

had very few farm implements. In fact, plows were about the only tools we had except for the hoes and oxes. We had no handles for them. People lived in a way to make a living, supporting themselves on small farms. They planted gardens. They had potatoes, peanuts, corn, and a small amount of land in cotton for a money crop.

They usually canned or dried fruit, and put away all the potatoes and everything else they possibly could for a home living. We could shuck corn and take it to the mill to be ground for our bread. We had milk and butter and most else, so there were very few things to buy. The main items were sugar, coffee, and flour. Of course, we had to buy soda and salt and a little black pepper. Outside of that, every farm was self-supporting.

There was about 20% of the land in cultivation then. The rest of it was forests of short needle pine. The creek and the river bottoms were heavily timbered with large hard wood trees like oak. Having very limited farm implements, we had no way of clearing the land because the timber was so heavy. And our farm tools were such that we couldn't cultivate very much land anyway.

The people that lived here were fine people. They were happy folks, and made the best type of neighbors. They would help you in every way.

Well, it was a country that needed developing, but with the timber and limited farm implements we just couldn't do it. About that time (in 1895) a sawmill put in near us, a hard wood mill. They also put a railroad in from the mill to Timpson. In 1896 and 1897 it grew. They extended that little railroad from Timpson to Gary, then on to Carthage. It intersected there and went to Longview. A company bought it out and put in train service and freight service. Then the sawmills came in and started cutting all of this fine timber. They really set up the railroads, and sawmills and planers. They cut away the timber, and the stake mills worked up the white oak timber and the creek bottoms. The tie mills sawed up the ties, and so the land was soon void of much of its heavy timber growth.

We could then clear more land. At that time we had a great influx of immigrants from Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, and especially Georgia. There was a chartered train from Georgia that brought in a great bunch of real farmers. They unloaded at Timpson and fortunately most of them settled around Gary. These were people like the Collins, Witchers, Halls, and McDonalds.

They brought some improved farm implements with them. And by that time the Kelly Kyle Co. had put in a factory at Longview. We could get factory made plows. The land was broken up and put into cultivation. We became a great farming country as soon as we got the stumps out of the ground. We had one row of cultivators, two horse turning plows, middle busters, seed planters, and our country thrived on from that. We could grow a lot of cotton at that time. We had stock law then. The pastures were fenced and the cattle were kept in the pastures. And the other land that was cleared didn't have to be fenced in.

We grew from a few hundred bales of cotton in this country to 25,000 per year. Shelby County got up as high as 36,000. We were prosperous for many years. When the soils were depleted from the overuse of fertilizer, then the tomato industry came in. You could grow as much crop value on a few well tended acres of tomatoes as you could a whole crop of cotton. We were successful in the tomato business for awhile. When that slowed down we were fortunate enough to hit oil and gas. That gave us a great boom. And after that the cattle business took over. That has been our particular project lately. So we are making our money now on cattle and mineral production.

I don't know what will be our next blessing in disguise. In my ninety years of experience, I find that the last twenty-five years have been the most progressive. I hope that in the last quarter of the 20th century, our present and future generation will continue to carry on. For that is the purpose for which we are all created. That is, we are to go forth and multiply and subdue the earth. Good luck to you all.

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Emma & Monroe

Monroe — "Where have you been for the past 70 years?"

While going through our file of tapes of past interviews last spring, we discovered a tape that had been misplaced. This was of a meeting between Monroe Brannon and Emma Anderson in 1973. Monroe Brannon was a student at the Gary School in 1901-02, and Emma Anderson and her husband Marvin made up the total teaching staff that year. It was their first meeting in over 70 years. And they used the meeting to catch up with each other, to remember old friends, and reminisce of other times and places.

Emma Anderson did get to the Gary School Round-Up, and was honored as the oldest returning teacher. She died with dignity this past Easter Sunday, at the age of 95. Monroe Brannon is still going strong at age 90. We celebrated that birthday with him in May and were again amazed with his enthusiasm for life.

Monroe: Where did you go when you left Gary?

Emma: We moved to Appleby from Gary and stayed there until 1905 I believe. Yes, Roy was born there in 1905. And then we went to Concord. Then we went to Nacogdoches, and later to Kannard. That's where he taught his last teaching except when we finally went to Dallas. He kept study hall because he didn't have a degree, but still helped students because he was a good math teacher. People said if he couldn't teach them then nobody could.

Emma and Monroe

Monroe still going strong at his 90th birthday party last May, as he was honored by Bill O'Neal of the Panola County Bicentennial Committee.

Monroe: Yes, he was a good quiet man as I remember him. Now Brother Turner was right the reverse. And then the next teacher Mullins was OK. He was a good Christian man. He bought a home and lived here a long time. Then he finally moved to Tatum and went in the drug business. And he died in 1955.

We are going to have our School Round-Up again this year. The old ex-teachers, students, and all come and we have a feast. We get together and have a glorious time. I've been working on that helping Professor Joe Latham. We have a supplement to the yellow Gary Round-Up books (the school history). And now we are bringing it up to date for the last ten years. I originally helped get that booklet up and carried it over to Henderson and paid for the printing. Then we sold the books and I got my money back.

We used to have the Round-Up as an annual affair until five years ago when they voted to have it just every five years. And so this is the fifth year and we will have it. I suppose it will be in October.

We will have it this year and I don't know of very few people who will be older than I am. They're about all died out. Miss Nannie Williams won't be able to attend as she is ill. You possibly won't be able to attend either.

Emma: I'll be there for sure.

Monroe: Well, you get the date and come on down. We'll kill a big 'un. We're gonna have supper with all the trimmings and all the things that go with it. We generally have a good time.

Emma: Did you know Moss Hull? I know he's dead of course.

Monroe: You knew him?

Emma: I bought my sewing machine from him.

Monroe: Yes, Moss Hull--N.A. Hull and Sons, run a store right here on the corner. And you bought your sewing machine from him?

Emma: Yes. Papa gave me a twenty-dollar gold piece for my birthday. My birthday was the first day of October. And we got married the eighteenth of September. And I bought the machine with the gold piece and put one more dollar with it.

Monroe: A new sewing machine would cost $150 now.

Emma: It was a new Goodrich.

Monroe: N.A. Hull and Sons, the store, was the first T.S. Hull Grocery. That was her husband. That's her place right yonder from here. That's where Moss Hull's mother lived.

Emma: What were the girls names--Mattie and Eva?

Monroe: That was the two younger girls. Alice was the oldest, she married Quincy Collins. And then there was Moss Hull, the oldest boy, and Hope, and Tommy, and Edgar.

Emma: I knew them all.

Monroe: They're all dead now--all the boys and girls.

Emma: Yes, I bought that machine in 1901. I did sew, I made clothes for Florence Weaver who had a store.

Monroe: Yes, Weavers had a store up on the other corner going toward the hotel. You know there was a big two story hotel right across the tracks. The Griffiths ran it. Weaver and Son was the first store across the track this way. And her boy was named Lee. And she got to be the depot agent.

Emma: And what did her husband do?

Monroe: He was a lawyer in El Paso--had a big practice there. And he lived down there and she lived up here. He hardly came up here.

You know her son Lee. He went down here two miles east of here to see a girl one night. And the girl's father came in the room where he was. The father didn't like Lee and took a knife and tried to cut his throat. He cut him badly, and Lee Weaver took a pistol out of his pocket and shot him dead right on the floor. Lee came all the way to town, holding his throat together and got Dr. Copeland to sew him up. He lived but had an awful scar on his throat and face. But he killed that man who didn't want him to see his daughter. It was self-defense.

So you know Florence, did you ever know her husband Everett, the lawyer?

Emma: Yes, but I thought he was the depot agent.

Monroe: No, Florence did that.

Emma: Whatever became of Oscar and Quincy Collins?

Monroe: Well, Oscar Collins died, and so did Quincy. Quincy Collins married Alice Hull, and Oscar married Hannah Bell back in Georgia. And they moved to Texas from Georgia. Oscar Collins and Hannah had one daughter, Miss Emma. A brother, Jameston, younger than me married her. They have one son who teaches biology at Panola Junior College. Miss Emma, my brother's wife, was an only child, and lives in Shreveport now. She owns a world of property here, lots of land and houses.

Emma: You know we boarded with Oscar and Hannah when we taught here?

Monroe: Yes, do you remember the little girl Emma?

Emma: I thought she was the most perfect child I ever knew.

Monroe: Well, I returned to Gary and went into the cattle business with my brother, J.R., Sr. But he died eight years later. We were doing fine. So I have looked after that property ever since. That's what I do now still.

Say did you know any of the old timers here. Did you know Dr. Daniel?

Emma: Yes, he's the one who had the drug store. And I remember his wife Maude.

Monroe: She was a DuBose.

Emma: I remember Mattie Fleming who was a teacher. She took the little folks away from me when I stopped teaching. Some of them cried when I left. That Lee Weaver didn't want me to go.

Monroe: I don't remember what became of him. He went further west, possibly where his father was. Mrs. Weaver left here when the passenger train service stopped. They cut out the depot service.

The train had gone from Longview to Beaumont. It was connected later up here from Gary to Center. They started it in 1908 but had to finish it in 1909 because of a money panic. The branch line came in from Timpson, first to Gary--they retained that little branch which went on to Waterman and Grigsby. They kept it for several years then discontinued it and took up the track between Gary and Grigsby. They just had the through line then. They discontinued passenger service years ago of course, it's even happened in Carthage too.

Well, it's been a long time. Wasn't that some school house? Just a long shotgun house. You taught in one end. There were nice homemade desks, shelves underneath for writing materials too. Those were the first real desks we had at a school in Gary. We had blackboards too.

Emma: It was a good school, a good building.

Monroe: And when that railroad branches off to go to Center, well they needed that school ground. Mrs. Hull had given them two acres to build the school on. And when they went to extend this railroad from Gary to Center, they had to have the land to make a "Yaround" they call it. So the railroad gave the trustees an acre lot they bought from Mrs. Hull down where the school is now. And they moved the school to that new lot, and gave them $100 also.

Emma: Well, I didn't know that.

Monroe: That was in 1909.

Emma: Many things have happened.

Monroe: They had a nice playground at the school too. You know the boys and girls were separated, each had one side to play in. And that's the way it was. Boys and girls did not play together.

We had a hard time with this little school. You see, it first started in 1898 when the railroad from Timpson hit the edge of "old man" Hull's land here. He and Garrison went in together—Garrison bought half interest in 20 acres and they surveyed out a town site. They cut up lots and sold them. And then Hull gave two acres for the school house, and they built it the same year.

But then in 1909, eleven years later they had to move the school further down like I said.

So the town was started in 1898 with the railroad coming along.

Emma: What about the town of Ragley I remember?

Monroe: They used to have a railroad that ran from Timpson to Henderson, by the way of Dotson, and Long Branch, and Pine Hill. They had sawmills along the way and they'd pick up that lumber. There were several bug mills, mostly near Ragley, nine miles west of here. The railroad was built by Ragley, mostly as an outlet for his mill. Lumber went either by way of Timpson or Henderson. That was a large mill in Ragley.

Emma: Yes, that was the biggest one I ever saw. The place my papa had us avoid was Pine Hill. He said there were too many rowdy people there. It used to be called Rake Pocket because of that.

Monroe: San Augustine was a rough place too but was cleaned up by a Texas Ranger named Bishop. I saw him one time wearing two big guns, one on each side. San Augustine is really on the grow now.

A long time ago Louisiana was the last state, and then there was an independent Texas Republic. There was a strip in here of San Augustine, Shelby, and Harrison counties that was strictly neutral and safe ground. It was almost a republic of its own. And a lot of misbehaving people came from Louisiana across the Sabine River. Panola County's seat (Pulaski) used to be on the river. San Augustine as a very early town, was in that strip of land. It was a rough area for awhile

The courthouse in Center was built in the same year I was born, in 1886. A fellow named Gibson built that one, and one like it in Carthage. They were under construction at the same time. I wish they had never taken the one down in Carthage. Have you been to see the one in Center with those chimneys? It's worth seeing.

Emma:I remember the first year we were here, and went to Carthage one day. Somebody had hypnotized a man and he was buried alive in the court yard. We went to the courthouse and I told my husband it looked like a grave there. And we went on in the courthouse so my husband could get paid. They carry it to you now but you had to go get it then. I don't know how many days that man stayed down in the ground. It looked like a real grave.

Do you know about Bob Ross and his boys? We stayed with them for two months.

Monroe: They went to West Texas. There were several boys—one, Alber, beat me out in dating Miss Eva Hull.

When you were teaching there was the hotel right across the railroad track at Gary. I married a girl whose father lived there, Davidson who ran a big mill.

Emma: I remember a Connie and Evilene Davidson.

Monroe: I married Connie Davidson. She passed away in 1940 in Jasper. We had six children, two boys and four girls. I thought you'd know them. They lived in the front rooms at the hotel. They had two pianos and an organ. We had musicals over there.

The Griffiths built the hotel and Davidson bought it. He had a big saw mill up the track too. The mother died earlier. They lived in an old log house then where Dr. Daniel built his house later. Mr. Davidson bought the hotel and put in the saw mill. I married his oldest daughter. Eveline is still alive—living in College Station with a daughter.

Do you want to hear a panther story? Well this man was fishing one night. And he pulled on his lines and then saw some eyes shining at him. He climbed up a tree and the animal squalled at him. It was a panther. So he just cut him a club and ran that panther out of that bottom. I never ran into one myself.

Dwain Brady

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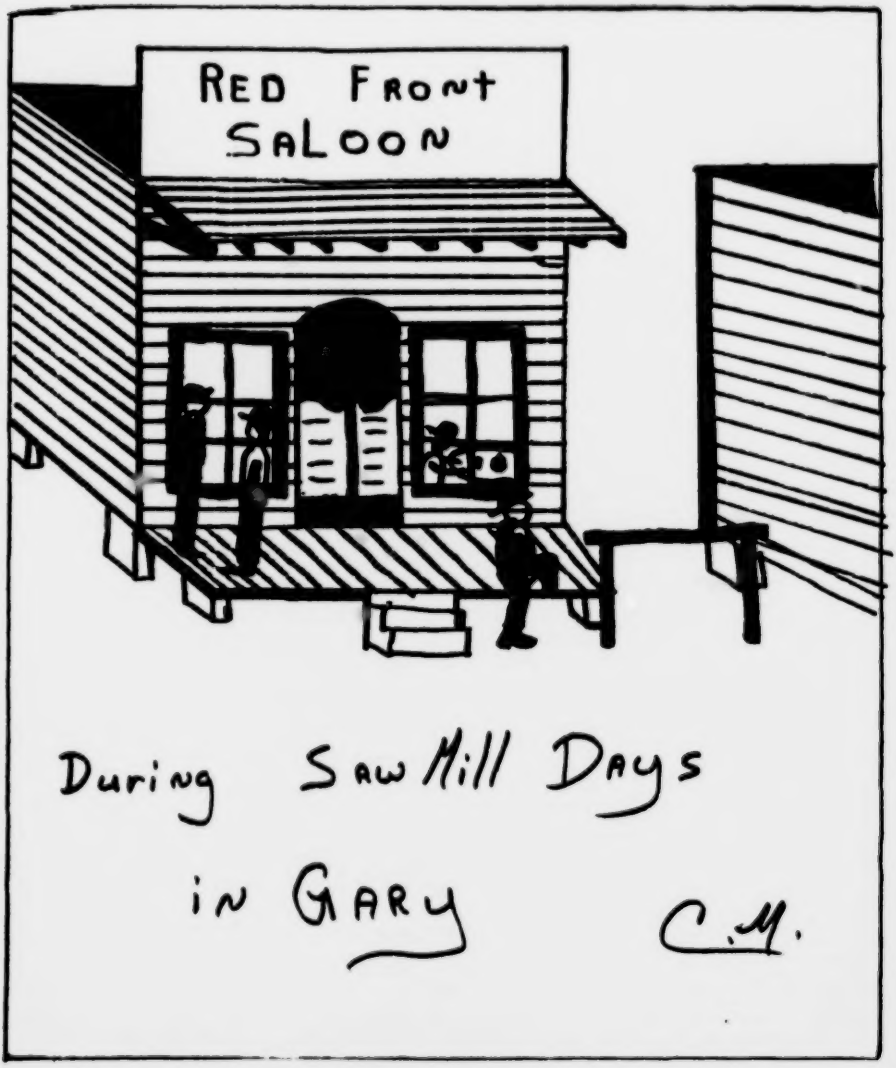
RED FRONT SALOON

We have talked with Monroe Brannon before on other subjects where his keen memory and sense of humor have helped us put together articles of interest to us and readers of Loblolly. When we heard of the existence of saloons in the community in the old days we went to him for the facts. Although he recently celebrated his 88th birthday, Monroe Brannon recalled his days as an impressionable teenager who was a witness to the events' in Gary between 1898 and 1905 when saloons existed. The town was a rough and bustling sawmill town then with a newly completed railroad running through. This rough period only existed a few years but it seems there was never a dull moment then, especially on Saturdays. The center of much of the action was in the vacinity of the Red Front Saloon. And Monroe Brannon told us of how the sawmill crowd made things hop for awhile before prohibition came and made the community a more peaceful one. It was the type of scene that happened in many areas of East Texas during the days of bonanza lumbering.

In 1898, when the railroad came through it connected Timpson and Carthage. Gary sprang up and with it three large saloons. The first one up was Garrison and Avery in the east part of the town. They had a large general store and saloon combined. And then our next saloon was Davison and Kyle, known as the Red Front. I knew Mr. Jeff Kyle real well, the saloon keeper. They had an old Irishman named Dad and he'd take a wash pot out back of the saloon and make chili. All those old timers would have a few drinks and get around that pot of chili and really have a time. The next saloon was owned by Tom Treadaway. It was where G & S Grocery now sets. He had a saloon there and a hotel, rooming house upstairs.

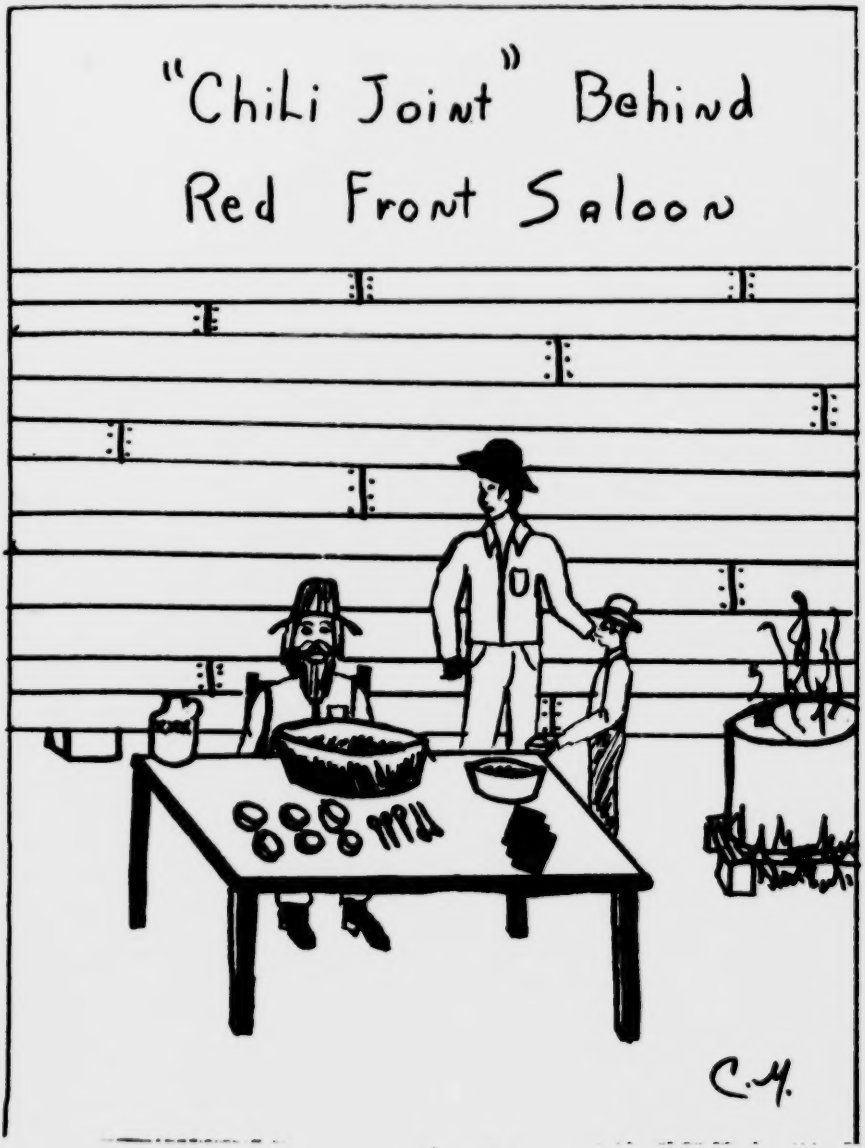
Whiskey was brought in by train. I remember they'd put 2" x 12" planks right on the floor of the Garrison and Avery Saloon up to the box car doors. They'd get the barrels down those and roll right into the saloon. They'd stop it and store it away.

At the time the Red Front Saloon was in operation it was the most popular place in town. There was a large sawmill north of town at Murvaul and large sawmill one mile east of Gary and an extra large mill and planer two miles south of Gary, Wade Miller Mill. And when they laid off Saturday, at noon usually, all that sawmill crowd would come to town and they'd gather mostly at the old Red Front Saloon.



Between Davisons Store and the Red Front Saloon was a half a lot with no building on and that gave 'em a roadway to the back of the Red Front Saloon. Well, old Dad, an old Irishman, they didn't know where he came from, set him up a chili joint to make chili. He bought him a 40 gallon wash pot, those old cast iron wash pots, and two number two tubs, and had a common table. He bought a bunch of bowls and spoons. On a Saturday morning early he would get about 30 pounds of beef and cut that in half inch cubes and he'd then get five pounds of beef fat and put that in the pot. And then he'd add a few gallons of

water and get it to boiling and then he would add two or three cans of cayenne pepper and about a cup or two of salt and add it too. With all that he'd have a day's supply of chili ready for his customers.



Dad had that forty gallon pot of chili and they'd sometimes pitch in and buy a gallon barrel of whiskey to put on the table out there. And they'd all drink some whiskey and then the wrestling matches would start up. They'd select three judges we didn't know anything about referees then, they were called judges. There would be three judges and the wrestlers that were to wrestle would put their knive and money, watch or whatever they had into the judges hats. And the time limit was to be three minutes. It was bear hug, no side wrestling, no side holds in those days, just bear hug. And they would start with the bear hug and they had two minutes in which to throw the man down. Then he had to hold him down one minute to win the match. Sometimes an opponent could throw the man down but the man would get up. Then it would be a draw. Then they'd all drink a round or two apiece and have another bowl of chili and they'd get pretty well steamed up. And those wrestling matches really got rough.

They were mostly men of 40-60 years old, alot wore full beards. And we had right smart trouble later in the evening when they got all steamed with that liquor. The fights got rougher and they might grab a handful of beard. Then they get to fighting, black an eye or knock a tooth out. But the judges would stop them before it went too far. And that was exciting to a teenager standing on the side like Otto Bell, Oce Cassity and myself. We stood way back, leaned back against the Davison General Store, and let them have the entire wrestling ground. It was about an acre around there. And it would be one wrestling match after another and a few little fights in between. The longer the thing lasted the rougher it got later in the evening.

They had another way of wrestling called - hold a fellow down. They would let the opponent, they would match them up, and let one man lay down on the flat of his back and the other get on him, and run his arm around his neck and under his other arm - and get ahold. And they were ready. They had three minutes to get up and he was to hold him down three minutes. And they would just tear up the ground all around there just a rolling trying to hold him down. And that's when they'd pull some more beards and have another little fight. It was all done in good nature it seemed but those sawmill people when they came into town on a Saturday evening, they were a bunch of people more violent than our natives. They didn't mind a little fight. They would wrestle, hold down, and drink whiskey and eat chili until that forty gallons of chili was gone in the evening. And then everybody would go for home and the next

ONE of the Wrestling MEET's.

CM

Saturday they would all gather back and it would be a repeat. Everyone came back to town ready for the wrestling matches. The betting consisted of a drink of liquor or a bowl of chili which went to the winner. That was usually what they bet one another.

Now the older set, sixty years and older was across the tracks in front of the Henry Griffith Hotel playing marbles. Jesse McGee and John Smith were the notorious marble players. They were the best. And the younger teenage boys had a croquet yard right in front of the Daniels Drug Store on the square. And they'd play croquet and the old men would play marbles and generally the sawmill element was the one that put on the big show in back of the Red Front. It really grew rough sometimes but those three judges would never let 'em go too far with the fight.

Saturday evening, the town, the square was just covered with wagons and buggies and horse back riders. And there'd be at least 200-300 people in town. We'd have a crowd of 50-100 people in back of the Red Front Saloon. It was about an acre back there, a regular wrestling ground and chili stand. There was something going on to interest everyone. Life did quiet down afterwards when prohibition was voted in and when the sawmills moved on.

They had a county-wide election in 1905 when liquor was voted dry. It was the third or fourth try. Before they had voted by precinct and people working in sawmills, a pretty rough crowd, had kept the area wet. It was an exciting election. The whiskey supporters would give free drinks on election day. They'd influence the vote that way. The churches organized to vote out the liquor. Dr. Daniel, Brother Marshall, Josh Ford and others led this fight. Preachers came for meetings and there were debates at the school over the whiskey business. So the saloon keepers were put out of business in the town in 1905. And the sawmills moved on too, because they had cleaned out the woods, not just because Gary was a dry town from then on.

Play Parties

Play parties were religiously and socially acceptable to most people in East Texas at the turn of the century. These plays were acceptable as games, not as dances and the dancers were considered players or marchers. Usually teen-agers were the only players and they marched to the rings, squares, and reels. Three basic instruments were played: the violin, accordian, and the French harp.

"I was a teen-ager from 1899 to 1906 and these plays were very popular for my generation:

1. *Thimble, Thimble, Who's Got the Thimble?*
2. *Drop the Handkerchief*
3. *Snap*
4. *Go In and Out the Window*
5. *Skip to My Lou, My Darling*
6. *Fancy Four*
7. *River Bend*
8. *Ocean Wave*
9. *Irish Trot (My favorite!)*." said Monroe Brannon, 88 year old resident of Gary and a long standing friend and informer of "Loblolly". We found that Mr. Brannon had attended many play parties in his younger days and was very eager tc tell us about them.

We would usually announce the play Monday or Tuesday, in order for the word to get around the community, because we had no telephones. We'd ask some family to give us a play party and they would agree that we could have one on Friday night. On Friday evening, the people of the house

would clear their largest room of all the furniture which usually consisted of a bed, a few chairs, a Singer sewing machine and a lamp table. Then they would go out to the woodpile where there were stove wood blocks about fourteen inches high and bring in these blocks setting them at intervals of about five feet around the wall of the room. Then they would get a 1x12 pressed pine plank and put on those blocks of wood for the ladies to sit all around the wall. That would give us the whole big room to put on our play. Of course, that was just seating places for the girls. Us boys would be on the front and back galleries, in the hallway, and sometimes in the yard. When we'd get ready for a play that required a partner, a boy would come in and ask a girl if she'd be his partner. If she said "No", figuring that her main beau might come along and pick her up later as his partner, all the girls in the room heard her refusal, and it was impossible for him to get a partner because they would say, "No, I don't want to be second choice". He would have to go out on the gallery, in the hall or yard to get him a partner. Then we would all play "Irish Trot" and other games such as "River Bend" and "Ocean Wave". All the people came by torch light about 8:00 on Friday night from various directions. Someone would go ahead and the crowd would gather in from all directions and even from trailways. They would save some of those splinters until the party was over so they would have a torch to go home by.

The way the girls dressed for the parties was what was so beautiful. They all had various colored calico dresses that their mothers had made on a Singer sewing machine. The dress usually opened in the back down to the waist and then was solid all the way down to her ankles. The top body usually wore a whole bone corset and the neck of that dress came up under the chin and the sleeve came out to the hand. No exposures. They had their hair in two plaits that hung way down their back and on the end of that, they would have a little bow of red ribbon.

They normally wore one of three colors, red, pink, or blue and the girl would select which color she wanted, and all that she wore would be that color or would match it. She would wear those little pieces of ribbon on the end of her hair and a bow at the back of her neck and then a larger

Monroe Brannon and Andy Youngblood of Loblolly.

bow pinned at the top of her head. She was pretty! And, of course, around her waist she brought two inch ribbon around and tied it in a bow knot and that gave her shape. She would pin that together to keep it from coming undone and the end of that sash would hang down about twelve inches. Some girls were trimmed in red, some in pink, and some in blue. The girls' shoes were coarse and high lacing up about six inches in the front.

The boys had homemade hickory striped shirts and hand-me-down suits bought at a store not tailor made. Some of the boys that were really dressed up had these white bosom, pleated shirts that had several pleats for the front to make it stiff and thick. It was starched real well. It even had a flap at the lower end of the shirt that would button

to his top pants button to keep it from flaring up in his face. There were little holes in the front of the shirt and if he'd bought some little shiny trinket from a peddler, he would put it behind those holes. The shirt opened in the back and he had a standing collar about four inches high. It buttoned in the back and came around to the front where there was a button that would separate and he would put the stem through that and the collar was on. Then he wore what you call a tie but was then called a cravat. It had a string that came around the collar and had a large knot tied at the top of the collar. He took a large piece of whale bone and a piece of string and tightened it around his neck.

We all wore very coarse shoes. There was no such thing as patent leather shoes. Those shoes really tore up a floor. You could hear that party a heap farther than you could hear the music.

We usually had a French harp, maybe two, an accordian, and a violin. We would sing those songs and the instruments would play them and it was really fun.

We had play parties as often as our neighbors would grant us one. We would try to have one every Friday night, at least every other Friday night. There were few people that would give us play parties. Over in the Mt. Bethel Community, Uncle Myles Dudley would let us play over there. Here in the Gary Community, Uncle Bud Hall would give us a party now and then.

If this party was on Friday night, you could stay until midnight before the old man broke it up. But if it happened to be on Saturday night, the party had to break up at 11:00 because you were supposed to get some rest for Church on Sunday morning.

After the party, if the boy had nerve enough to ask his girl for a date next Sunday evening, that was all fixed before they got home. Little Brother walked ahead, on the way home, carrying the torch while the couples walked down various lanes and trails to deliver the girls home. Little Brother would wait out at the road until the last one had

delivered his girl and then he walked back down the road and the boys would join in with him in going home.

At a play party of that kind there were always a few wallflowers. Some girls that weren't pretty or too fat wouldn't get to play much because the boys back then, and probably still so today, would pick the best looking girls to dance with. But I always had sympathy for them. I'd select me a girl that I would notice had not had a partner so she would have a good time too. We had great fun.

Irish Trot

Here are the words to Mr. Brannon's favorite play.

Verse 1 *Choose your partner for the Irish Trot*
Choose your partner for the Irish Trot
Choose your partner for the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 2 *All join hands for the Irish Trot*
All join hands for the Irish Trot
All join hands for the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 3 *All march around in the Irish Trot*
All march around in the Irish Trot
All march around in the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 4 *Rights and lefts in the Irish Trot*
Rights and lefts in the Irish Trot
Rights and lefts in the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 5 *Swing your partner in the Irish Trot*
Swing your partner in the Irish Trot
Swing your partner in the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 6 All Promenade in the Irish Trot
All Promenade in the Irish Trot
All Promenade in the Irish Trot

Way down below.

Verse 7 Go hog wild in the Irish Trot
Go hog wild in the Irish Trot
Go hog wild in the Irish Trot

Way down below.

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Z L DANIEL

Readers of past issues of Loblolly know that Monroe Brannon was a good friend of the Daniels. He lived with them for a number of years and worked for Dr. Daniel in the drug store. Monroe Brannon again drew on his fantastic memory to relate to us what the Daniels contributed to their community.

Zacharia Lamar Daniel was born June 22, 1872 in Collin County, Texas. His family moved to the Snap Community when he was six. The Snap and Bethlehem Communities are about seven miles northwest of Gary. The Daniel farm was located where the Citgo plant is now. Dr. Daniel was born there. His father's name was Bostic

The young doctor

Daniel. They lived on the farm and raised cotton, corn, and other farm commodities.

Bostic Daniel also ran a tanning vat. They would buy green cow hides and put them in great vats, put in water, salt, and oak bark to color the hides. Next, they let the hides soak for a certain length of time. Then they took the hides out, removed the hair, and hung them out to dry. Finally they rolled them in bundles and sold them to Shreveport hide buyers who in turn sent them to shoe factories. Most of these hides went to shoe factories in St. Louis.

The future doctor lived there until about 1896. He told his father he wanted to be a doctor. His father gave him a cotton crop of his own. Dr. Daniel later said he made a pretty good cotton crop for himself. So he bought some clothes, packed his "grips" and went to Memphis, Tennessee. There he entered the old Memphis Medical Hospital College. He attended the fall and winter sessions of 1896, then came home that spring and made another good cotton crop. He returned to college that fall, completed his second year, and received his diploma for practicing medicine.

He used to say he was really out of everything at that time. When he got home, he said his pants were patched and his collar was "plum greasy" from his long hair. His father helped him buy a horse, a saddle and a pill bag which fit on the saddle. He then came over to Mr. Tom Hall's house, rented a room, and boarded there for fifteen dollars a month. Mr. Tom Hall lived where Mr. Taylor Hall lives now. Dr. Daniel hung out his shingle and sat on the front porch reading his medical book and waiting for a call or two. Before long he had a good practice going. This was in 1897.

We had sickness in our family in the Ford community, and he was waiting on a patient there. He told my mother that in the spring when school was out; he was going to get married to Maude, who was raised in the Woods Community. She was teaching school in what is known as the Flat Woods in the eastern part of Panola County across the Sabine River. Sure enough, the next year we had more sickness in the family and he came and brought Maude with him. Well, then he built him a nice house right across from where Naome Williams lives now. Mrs. Daniel proved to be a good housewife and a fine woman.

The railroad came through in 1898. Dr. Daniel and one of his friends, Jim Pote, put in a drug store on the east side of the Gary square. Dr. Daniels built up a good practice when the saw mills came in. There was a lot of sickness in the saw mills.

He bought five acres of land there at his home place, and everytime he got a little ahead he bought land. The first land he bought was eight dollars an acre down where the Bobcat Dairy Mart is now, from there to Bob Smith's. The Oklahoma territory became a state and some of the farmers sold out to Dr. Daniel and moved there.

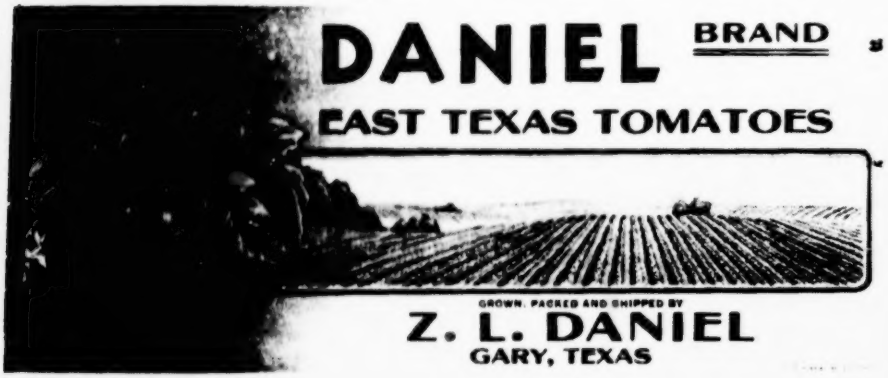
He went to farming in a big way. He promoted agriculture and livestock. Mrs. Daniel bought some White Leghorn chickens, also some fine cows. He obtained some hybrid seeds for corn and other crops. Dr. Daniel promoted everything from registered cattle such as Herefords for beef stock and also milk stock. He introduced a better line of hogs and other livestock.

Dr. Daniel and a registered Hereford

There were great peach orchards. The peaches were shipped out by railroad. The first automobile Dr. Daniel ever owned was paid for with a car of Alberta peaches-$700.00 for the peaches and $700.00 for the car. He also shipped Irish Potatoes by the car load.

The tomato industry was a big thing in Gary. Dr. Daniel got Gary started growing tomatoes. He hired a man by the name of Dickson from Jacksonville to teach people about early tomatoes, planting, harvesting and other things. The tomato sheds in Gary were busy in the summer. The first year 48 cars, the third year 89 cars, the fourth year 135 cars, and the fifth year 145 cars.

In addition to Daniel and Pate Drugs, Dr. Daniel put in a general merchandise store in Gary. He also



The tomato sheds

put in the bank. Both of these buildings still stand.

Dr. & Mrs. Daniel had two sons. Morris Daniel was born July 14, 1907, Dubose Daniel was born the next year. Morris died of Scralet Fever in 1919. They just did save Dubose. He is now Dr. Dubose Daniel in Carthage.

Dr. Z.L. Daniel died November 18, 1952. Mrs. Daniel died on May 13, 1967. There never was a man greater than Dr. Daniel in Gary. The Doctor, Maude, and Morris are all buried at the Gary Cemetery.

We were positive that many other citizens of Gary knew Dr. Daniel besides Monroe Brannon, for he was an outstanding character who was well known to the community. The staff members of Loblolly then went out and talked to the people who knew Dr. Z. L. Daniel for their personal view of Dr. Daniel. And not to our surprise, he proved to have been a true friend to all he met. Here is what we found out from friends like Joe Morris and others:

Dr. Z.L. Daniel, a member of the First Baptist Church in Gary, was a fine man who helped everybody out. Not once did he turn anyone down who needed his help, either for his doctor ability or for his financial aid.

He was very quick to make friends and not known to let a single one down. Dr. Daniel appreciated the town and its people. I wonder some what the people of Gary would have done without him. Dr. Z.L. Daniel was one of the first doctors of the community. Whenever he was needed, night or day, he came. Before the time of automobiles, he made his house calls by horseback or by horse and buggy. When he did get his Model T, he got stuck very many times due to the roads. That was the second car owned in Gary. He didn't charge much for his work in being a doctor. Many times, he doctored folks knowing he wouldn't receive any money at all. He was a fine doctor; he wasn't up like these doctors now. Everyone thought he was a good medical doctor.

He owned lots of land in Gary and Snap. He acquired some land by buying it after people lost it for taxes owed. Half the people in Gary at one time lived and farmed on his land. He either leased his land, grew crops on it, or donated some of it away. Land was cheap in those days. That's hard to believe in this day and age.

Dr. Z.L. Daniel owned the main store in Gary in his day. It stocked everything anyone could want. If he didn't have it in his store; you didn't need it. His store had big business. Dr. Daniel's wife, Maude, worked hard in that store. He also put up a drug store and a bank. They've torn down some of his buildings now but his brick store is still standing.

Besides being a good doctor, banker, farmer, husband, and father, Dr. Daniel cared for his people and they came first in his thoughts and acts.

Marilyn Daniel McJimsey gave us some of her memories of childhood days in Gary with her grandparents, Z.L. and Maude Daniel. She also generously let us use some items that she had saved from those days relating to Dr. Daniel's business activities.

When I was a child, my sister, Barbara Daniel Davis, and I spent almost every weekend with my grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Z.L. Daniel of Gary, Texas. They were called "Mama" and "Papa" by us. The wonderful memories that come to my mind are endless.

The summers were wonderful. Gary, Texas was the busiest, the most exciting place in the world. The tomato shed was exciting and fascinating. The whole process of the tomato from the fields, to the wagons, to the unloading at the sheds and then the packing before they were loaded in the railcars was a wonderful experience to have witnessed.

The tent shows that always came in the summer were always great. The movies were usually cowboys and each one better than the one before.

The cotton gin was right down the road from my Grandparent's house. To see all the wagons come filled with cotton was a beautiful sight. And they

DR. Z. L. DANIEL

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came from miles around, sometimes taking all day to get to the gin.

The summers were usually very hot. My sister and I spent half of our time playing under my Grandparent's front porch. It was cool there and for years, we played with empty spools of thread which became cars or anything else we needed them to be at the moment.

We had Shetland ponies that we lived on. My pony's name was Flapper, and my sister's pony's name was Nifty. They were black and white and very stubborn but so loved by us. My Grandmother and my Mother, Mrs. D.B. Daniel had brought them back from Denton in the back seat of a car. We went everywhere on them. We rode them a lot in the pasture next to my Grandparent's house. My Grandmother would blow her car horn when she wanted us to come to the house. We could hear it for miles or so it seemed and we always headed for home when we heard it.

Another wonderful time for me was in the winter when it was time to kill the hogs. The whole atmosphere of that event still lives within me. I can remember all the effort and cooperation that went into that process. The big black pot and the roaring fire under it took the chill out of the bitter cold day.

These experiences I was fortunate enough to share were exciting and wonderful to me. They were necessary and plain old hard work to the adults. My experiences are few compared to many--they are mainly observations as to what I remember as a child. And yet, in their way, they were lessons that hopefully, all children learn. They were living lessons of kindness, cooperation, helping your neighbor, and doing what must be done with a happy heart.

My Grandparents were kind, hard-working people. I never heard either one of them even say an unkind word about anyone or ever refuse to help someone in need. They belonged to the Baptist Church, attended regularly, and lived their faith in every aspect of their lives. They gave of themselves to their fellow man and in so doing, enriched their own lives well as those around them.

Judson Daniel, Doc's half brother, was eager to tell Loblolly staffers of many high points in the life of his brother.

Even though Doc was my brother, he was a good man. He was a big business man and really worked hard. He never went fishing or anything like that;that time was used for work. He'd go out on a bad night to see someone sick, and only charge $2.00 for the house call.

He had the biggest heart of anyone I've ever known. At one time he owned twenty-one farms around Gary. We plowed a hundred and thirty four mules. I was the farm boss ; therefore I knew every mule's name and his harness.

Doc would have six or seven families working on halves. Some were colored and some were white. Working that way you meet a lot of mighty fine people, but you also get a few bad ones sometimes. There were some that would get their crop made and would leave. That left us to bring in the rest of the crops and to pay off the bills at the store. Before this time the other fellow was already so far in debt that he would owe more than he was worth. Doc would leave his account unpaid, he wouldn't throw it away. In a year or two that fellow would come back and Doc would rent him land again even though he had done him wrong before.

One time I asked Doc, "Why do you rent to a fellow like that who has already run off once?" He said, "That wife and those children couldn't help what that man did. They're hungry and need some groceries." So Doc would start him over agin. Nine times out of ten he would collect that whole account.

Doc had a big heart. He helped everybody. He made money but never took advantage of anybody. He helped more people than any one man I ever knew. I never knew a family that he ever did wrong.

His twenty-one farms were here around Gary. They were all numbered and all had accounts at the store. If I bought something for one of the

farms I just charged it to that account and when the crops were gathered on the different farms, the accounts were paid off. If one farm was in the red one year one of the others would be in the black.

Back in those days if he cleared $10,000 it was a good year.

I first got started in his store and I finally became druggist. Doc was responsible for anything I did in the drug store. He was as good as a Daddy could be to me, him and Mrs. Maude both.

Doc believed in his church ; therefore he always went. Doc didn't believe in working on Sunday. Always when the preacher came to town he would stay at Doc's house. I'd take care of his horse. We really enjoyed having him.

Monroe Brannon with Morris and Dubose Daniel

A lighter moment

GRANDMOTHERS

Two of our good friends are Monroe Brannon and Max Haddick. The former is also a neighbor who spent most of his growing up years in or around Gary. The latter grew up in Mexia, Texas, and is now Director of Journalism for the Texas University Interscholastic League in Austin. Both had amazing grandmothers who were experts on home remedies and cure. And both of these grandmothers gained most of their curing knowledge from the Indians; Monroe Brannon's from Alabama Indians and Max Haddick's from the Comanche. Making the discovery of these grandmothers separately,we thought it most appropriate to join then together in one article of Loblolly. They never lost a patient in their families although some of the cures might seem a bit drastic. And they gave to their families much more than just those home remedies you will discover here.

Monroe Brannon's grandmother-
Ann Curb.

My great-grandparents begining about 1800, and my grandparents on my father's side were all raised in the town of Selma, Alabama. My grandmother was born in 1840 and she and her mother, when she was a girl, assisted the Alabama Indian Reservation, right ajoining them. And they learned all of these old remedies from the Indians. They learned how the Indians used various barks and roots and leaves and berries to cure certain disease. Here is what they learned to use: Mullein, horehound night shade, may apple root, snake root sassafras, black haw roots, poke root, peach tree leaves, inner bark of the oak, tooth ache bark, slippery elm bark, inner bark of pine trees, resin, wild cherry tree bark, and the base was usually tallow for making salve and honey for making cough syrups and other medicines. They used vinegar (homemade) from apples. For a break in the leg or arm, they used clay made up in a dough with vinegar. They would daub that on the limb and let it set for 28 days and break it off. And the leg or arm would be back in place.

They learned practically all the Indians knew. My grandmother went with her mother to the Indian Reservation and those old squaw Indians taught them about those roots and berries and herbs which they used to cure various disease. After my people moved to north Louisiana, my grandmother moved on with us and brought those remedies along and helped my mother to raise five boys and five girls. After 1895, she moved with us to Texas, and we went to Dr. Daniel's drug store for medicine. My grandmother had done all the old Indian remedies. She filled a real need, for we lived too far away to be close to any doctor.

She knew lots of homemade remedies. She used various roots, vines, berries, leaves, and barks of trees to combat the illnesses of our family, in the absence of a doctor and out of the need for one. She was more of a pediatrician, or child doctor, although she treated adults. She was helpful with child birth, too. If one of the babies

had the colic, she would go out to the garden and gather catnip leaves. We had some bushes growing in the corner of the garden. The art was to brew those leaves, so that you would extract all of the juice and not over heat it. She would brew up a batch of catnip leaves and strain them, then add a little milk. That would really cure a baby of the colic.

With the older children,diarrhea was very prevalent in our family. Grandmother would go out and gather about two gallons of peach tree leaves. She would brew it up on the stove just like she did the catnip leaves. That would stop diarrhea. Both catnip and peach tree leaves contained opium. It served the purpose of castoria, and paragoric. It contained laudanum.

When we climbed the trees and would get full of poison ivy, we'd break out all over. We would take the grubbing hoe, go out and get poke roots. She would cut that up in slices and stew it up in the same manner she did the leaves. You had to be sure you did not over heat it, get it just to a certain temperature to extract the juice from this poke root. That would kill the poison. Different poisons will counteract other poisons. Poke roots would counteract the poison of poison ivy.

If one of us fell out of a tree and sprained our ankle, we took a grubbing hoe, went to the clay pit and dug up about one or two gallons of red clay dirt. My grandmother would put some vinegar in it and make it into a dough, like biscuit dough. She would encase the ankle and foot in the clay. It would take the swelling out. Now blood risings were very bad among the kids. They would come on our body most anywhere. They would come on the calf of your leg, and on your back, but mostly on the fleshy part of your rear anatomy. The best remedy for that was a slice of fat meat. She would put that on the sore and it would draw it up to a head. Then she would pick off the top of that sore and remove the core. She would use a homemade salve after that.

For a blood medicine, our whole family took that about three months in the spring. We would get the grubbing hoe and go out to a Sassafras patch of bushes. They would grow about six or eight feet tall while they were young. We would dig half a bushel or more of the roots. We would wash those roots off real good and cut them into about four inch lengths, put them in a large pot and add two or three gallons of water. You could boil that to extract that juice; it was a beautiful amber color. We had to let that cool. It was a great tea, but we also used that as a blood purifier.

My grandmother not only doctored children; she helped older people, too. She helped with the whooping cough, measles and other diseases. She was a good mother. She was also a devoted Christian and an authority on the scriptures.

She passed away Oct. 9, 1913 near Gary. She was laid to rest in the Gary Cemetery. The inscription on her tomb: A.J. Curb.

Other Indian medicines were:
Mullein: is a plant that grows low on the ground, has broad leaves and is used for making teas for infants.
Horehound: is a vine that grows up on the ground and is good for making tonics.
Nightshade: is a vine that grows on the ground. We used this to make salves for poison oak.
May apple root: is a root that you boil and get the substance. It acts as a purgative.
Snake Root: usually was just worn for its sweet smell. We usually wore it around for its sweet smell. We usually wore it around the neck.
Black Haw Root: is used as a woman's medicine in place of Cardui.
Bark of an Oak: The inside bark of a red oak was used as an astringent. It was used to control diarrhea.
Toothache Bark: we usually cut that in strips about the size of shoestrings, and about four inches long. It was put in a jar with some whiskey and left to set two or three weeks. It was a great blood purifier. We would take it before we went into the fields to pick cotton early in the morning.
Sarsaparilla Bark: was the greatest bark we knew of to dig and make Sassafras too. We usually dug a quantity of that

Nightshade

is in the spring and used it for a blood purifier.
Pine Bark: the inner bark of a pine stewed down properly was our kidney medicine.
Resin: is a substance from a pine tree. We would cut out a chip in a pine and let that pocket run full of turpentine. As it got older it was a semi-hard substance. We used this with Poke Root juice and tallow to make a poison for poison oak and seven year itch.
Cherry Bark: Wild Cherry Bark (the inner part) was cut in strips and was put in the stew pot. It was boiled down to a low essence. Honey was then added. It made one of the first cough syrups in the world.

Max Haddick's grandmother - Molly Bain

You asked for information about Grandma Bain and her curealls. You shall have it, but I definitely discourage your using her cures to find surcease from the aches and pains of life. You should take your influenza, Botts disease, athlete's foot, and other ailments to a medic, preferably one not schooled in the ancient cures of Comanche Indians.

Now for the miracle cures:
1. Risings--You probably know these as boils, carbuncles, overgrown pimples, wens or something else. By any name they are definitely no fun. They begin as a small red, hard mound somewhere on your anatomy. In my case they tended to dwell in most private places. Other kids got boils in wonderfully conspicuous places, but not me. They could show off their affliction and get sympathy, treatment and affection. I could never show off without endangering the calm of ladies in the audience.
Treatment--To cure a boil it had to come to a head. This meant that a small white spot appeared. Under that white spot was a "core", a solid string of something. It had to head out and have the core removed to be cured. To bring it to a head one took a fresh egg, broke it into a skillet along with a few strips of bacon. While one sloshed the egg to done the top, one took the eggshell and peeled out a bit of the white inner "skin". This skin was applied, wet side down, to the top of the boil. This would draw the boil to a head. Do not laugh. Go get your own egg, secure a bit of this skin, and apply it to a tender

area, such as the tip of your nose or the inside area of your elbow joint and wait a moment. It will definitely draw. The boil will head out. You remove the core and dress it with a clean rag and soon it will be healed. The egg and bacon in the skillet are eaten. It has nothing to do with curing the boil, but grandma would never waste a thing.

NOTE: Most boils are brought on by use of old fashioned soaps that leave a scum of something on the skin. This was a marvelous breeding ground for staph (you spell it) germs which cause boils. Boils are scarce now because we bathe more often and mostly use bar detergent.

2. Being Peaked--I never did know what being "Peaked" meant, but my grandma did. If I ever sorta hung around the house and was lazy she would look at my seriously and tell me I was "Peaked" and needed medication. (I looked up "Peaked" and it appears that I had a pointed head). Of-on these occasions she would prepare a horrible mixture of blackstrap molasses, sulphur and saltpeter. She heated this on her old wood stove. It sent clouds of foul aromas all over the house, causing all us kids to swear that we were in excellent health and were not at all "peaked". But she was not to be deterred. When the mess was at its foulest she gave each of us a heaping tablespoonful. If you are in doubt as to how she got a heaping tablespoonful of a liquid you have no idea how thick this liquid was. We took it under protest, but we took it. The results were magnificent. We ceased laying around the house. Anytime we thought grandma was looking we frisked and frolicked happily to show definitely that we were not at all peaked. Should you find "peaked" in any medicine book, do not send

Slippery Elm

me any information about it. My rigid training as a youth might inspire me to concoct a batch of grandma's "peaked" remedy and try it. I am not as strong as I used to be and do not wish to risk this cure again.

3. Common Cold--You know the symptons. So did grandma. To cure a common cold you ate onions. You consumed raw onions, boiled onions, fried onions, fricaseed onions, and drank huge bowlsful of onion soup. If the cold persisted the medication was reinforced with a few chunks of garlic. I am sure that this worked. I recovered from every cold grandma treated. I feel that the cure may have been in my own breath after her treatment. No one would get close enough to me to reinfect me.

4. Coughs--Take a quart fruit jar and fill it with rock candy Add a half cup of honey. Then pour in all the moonshine whiskey you can. Let this steep for a week or two before use. Grandma always kept this cure on hand. When any kid coughs, grab him up and get a scissor hold on his body with your legs. Grab his nose firmly and pull back. This opens his mouth, either to breath or to yell--or both. When his mouth is open, insert an ounce or two of the cough syrup. Repeat as indicated. If the kid coughed more than twice in one day, he could get stoned on the cough syrup, but it did seem to ease the tickling in the throat.

5. Bleeding cuts--If the bleeding was minor, ignore it. This bleeding cleaned the dirt, twigs and other stuff out of the cut and promoted healing. If bleeding persisted, go out to the barn and get a big handful of cobwebs. Press the webs to the cut. This definitely stopped the bleeding. It also carried much dirt, dust, and perhaps a few mites and other tiny insects into the would, causing scaring. I bear some beautiful scars as a result of this treatment, but I did a minimum of bleeding.

6. Bone Felon on the Heel--I guess the bone felon on the heal was a result of jumping off the buggy shed or other suitable place to jump off. We went barefooted about eleven months of the year. If you landed with a pebble located just right under the heel, it bruised. In a few days you would have a swollen heel that ached and throbbed something awful. The first aid consisted of soaking the entire foot in hot salt water. I do not mean tepid, warm or very warm. I mean so hot that it took a wonderfully strong grandma to keep your foot in the foot tub for the first few minutes. Then you sorta got numb and the heat was not so terrible. This caused the felon to get "ready". Grandma was the "ready" judge. She would take your foot on her lap and press and prod the afflicted area. I am not sure what criteria she used to determine if the felon was ready, but I do believe it was based mostly on the tone of the youngster's shrieking. When my yells caused the chickens to run to the other side of the yard, it was still "green". When I got to the point that my bellows caused the milk cows (I know it is spelled Milch, but never did see much reason for it) to hoist their tails in the air and run to south end of the pasture, the felon as "ready".
Then grandma, assisted by grandpa, dad, mom, and a few other able-bodied adults, would put me on the bed, get out grandpa's straight razor and procede to lance the felon. The bed was carefully covered with an old wagon sheet before the victim was installed thereon. With a deft slash of the razor, just a slash, she opened the felon. The results were predictable and the felon now healed.

7. Nail in the Foot--Barefooted younguns seem to be able to find nails with little or no trouble. Nails were rusty and this brought on the danger of blood poisoning. Thusly it was prevented. The foot would first be washed with lye soap and then immersed in kerosene. There was little agony in the process. In fact, it was usually rather pleasant as grandma would bribe the victim to stay at and soak in the kerosene by offering black walnut cake, cookies or fudge. I have set the all time record for kerosene foot soaking, just because of my delight in her black walnut goodies.

8. Thick blood--As any Indian knows, the blood gets thicker in the winter time. Have no idea why, but this is

true. And, as grandma knew, it was best to thin it in the springtime. Why, I am not sure, but it had to be done. The only way to accomplish this was to imbibe quantities of sassafras tea. I will not give you the recipe. As good East Texans you should have learned this from your mom. But you had to drink lots of it.
To assure that we would drink the right dosage, grandma would give one cookie to each cup of tea consumed. I think I hold a record in consuming sassafras tea and eating cookies.

9. Thin Blood--At the end of summer, just about time the first frost hits, one must thicken up the blood to prepare for the coming winter. Grandma was not caught short on this, either. One thickened the blood by eating fried porkchops, dumpling, souse meat (Hog head cheese to you big city folks), and generally increasing the caloric intake. I always loved getting my blood good and thick.

10. Kidney trouble--Eat all the watermelon and cantaloupe you can hold. It was not necessary for any adults to hold younguns down to administer this therapy. Grandma always diagnosed kidney ailment when the younguns headed down the well-beaten path out back to the small essential structure at the far end of our house plot. As us kids were generally well supplied with watermelon, cantaloup, green peaches, green plums and other cathartic foods, we often had "kidney trouble". It was well worth it.

11. Constipation--This was a sad time for any kid. Grandma knew many natural herbs that would alleviate the problem, but had early been converted to a patent medicine known as "Black Draught". We were very secretive if afflicted with irregularity, but somehow she knew. When she was sure of her diagonsis, each of the children had to take a drink of black draught tea. Her reasoning was that we all ate at the same table and had the same food. If one of us was constipated, it was very likely that all were---so the dosage was meted out to all. I assure you that it worked.

12. The Droops--I don't know what the droops are, but most every kid gets them now and then. The symptons are easy to see. The youngun just mopes around, not getting into any devilment, never pulling any feathers from the old red rooster's tail, never swiping any watermelons, never getting into any trouble at all. Then it was obvious that that child had the droops. Grandma had a wonderful remedy. She administered copious quantities of pure, undiluted love. She baked favorite cakes, pies, puddings, and such. The droopy one was assigned only very light chores, and nothing was said if those chores were forgotten or poorly done. Grandma just knew that all kids got mood/ spells and needed some extra attention to get over the droops. Her cure never failed. If I have given you the impression that grandma was a bit rough on us, forget it. She was so kind and wonderful that we never questioned the wisdom of her medications. She understood children the way few people ever do. She knew what you were thinking ten minutes before you did. If you had trouble of any kind, she was able to fix it up just right. She could make kites, cook, sharpen fish hooks, make a slingshot, mend a rip in the rear end of your overalls without asking any embarrassing questions, and do a thousand things to let a youngun know that he was someone special to her. I don't know what modern medical science has to say about her remedies, but she raised her thirteen children, and a passel of grandkids without losing a one. None of them ever spent a day in jail, sassed a teacher or backtalked an adult. They all got more fun out of life that you could imagine. She is gone now, but she lives on with me and everyone who ever knew her. I still drink my sassafras tea just so she will know that I am ready for springtime to bust out again. She lived for 88 years, helping everyone who crossed her path, and then just lay down and went to sleep. I supposed she had her share of aches and pains, but I never heard of them. She never complained about anything.

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